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VOL. I.

REVIEW.

ART. 1.—Leisure hours at sea: being a few Miscellaneous Poems. By a midshipman of the United States' navy.—New-York: George C. Morgan, and E. Bliss and E. White. 1825.—12mo. pp. 148.

A volume of fugitive poems bearing this title has lately been published in this city, being, according to the title-page, the production of a midshipman in the United States' navy. The first essay at authorship of almost every poet, whether great or small, consists in the publication of a collection of small pieces, which, as they are generally juvenile productions, and written at different times and from the impulse of passing thoughts and feelings, may all generally be found to bear nearly the same character. Even in the fugitive pieces of the greatest poets no great depth or originality is often to be found, as their excellence generally consists in purity of feeling and prettiness of expression, without many of the more dazzling beauties which adorn the higher ranks of poetry. Though nothing of a very brilliant kind can be expected in juvenile productions of this sort, we may often discover in them the first gleam of that genius which afterwards becomes an important luminary in the literary hemisphere.

The work in question, though not calculated to ensure the immortality of the author, may, upon the whole, bear comparison with the earliest productions of many authors of eminence. Though many inaccuracies, both grammatical and metrical, and frequent feebleness of language are to be met with, there is a tone of feeling pervading most of the pieces which does as much honour to the author's heart as his poetic manner of expressing it often does to his mind. The following stanzas in particular we think possess no ordinary merit, and we look upon them as among the best in the collection.

WHERE IS HE?

"But man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" Job, xiv. 10.

And where is he—my friend in youth,
Whose heart seem'd firmly bound to mine;
Whose bosom was the throne of Truth,
Whose soul was Honour's sacred shrine?
Companions aye where'er we roved,
In childhood's hour of frolic glee,
I now in vain seek him I lov'd,
And friendship murmurs, Where is He?

We met in Learning's tranquil bowers,
Together cou'd her classic page;
And fondly deem'd that hearts like ours
Would glow the same from youth to age:
What plans we form'd! what vows we swore
Of firm regard and constancy!

Few years are past, and as before
My bosom throbs, but Where is He?
Our school-boy days flew swiftly by,
And manhood broke youth's flowery spell;
We bade farewell with tearful eye.
Then paused—once more to bid farewell!
'Twas his to plead the orphan's wrong;
My course was on the heaving sea:
Return'd at last, from wandering long,
I seek my friend—Oh! Where is He?
Admiring crowds no longer wait,
With rapture, on his powerful tongue;
The eye is quench'd whose orb of late
The lightning glance of genius flung;
And when I cry, Oh! where art thou,
Belov'd in youth so fervently?
A starting tear, a sadden'd brow,
Repeat in silence, Where is He?
His home's deserted—on its hearth
The cheerful flames no more ascend;
Sorrow hath hush'd the voice of mirth;
In vain I call, my friend! my friend!
Hope's cherish'd visions all are fled,
And he I sought has ceased to be;
An Echo wakes, as from the dead,
And murmurs still, Oh! Where is He?"

Those lines are indeed touching and beautiful; and cannot fail to awake mournful recollections in the bosom of every reader.

The same spirit which beautifies this is observable in many of the other poems, and they are mostly of the same pathetic character. It is indeed one fault of the work that too much similarity prevails throughout, the same train of ideas recurring too often. The work bears evident marks of being a juvenile, though in the common acceptance of the term it cannot be called a *puerile* production.

The piece which we have quoted is one of the most perfect in language as well as in ideas; and though in many others we meet with detached beauties, still they are too often mingled with defects. The lines written on the Island of Elba contain some very fine stanzas. The following in particular are worthy of the pen of the first of Lyric poets.

"The eye that beam'd when'er we met,
The cheek that blush'd when love was spoken,
The voice that bade me not forget—
Forget thee! no!—my heart is broken;
But mid the ruins of that heart,
While yet it throbs—there, there thou art!
Thine eye is quench'd, thy cheek is cold,
And in a far, far grave thou'rt sleeping;
Yet oft, in fancy, I behold,
And o'er that timeless grave lie weeping:
In vain I strive this grief to hush—
The burning tears but faster gush."

We must not omit also to take notice of the "lines written beneath a dilapidated tower, yet standing among the ruins of

Carthage." They also deserve to be ranked among the best in the work.

Thou mouldering Pile, that hast withstood
The silent lapse of many ages,
The earthquake's shock, the storm, the flood—
Around whose base the ocean rages,
Who rear'd thy walls, that proudly brave
The tempest, battle, and the wave!

Was it beneath thy ample dome
That Marius rested, and from thee,
When he had lost imperial Rome,
Learn'd high resolve and constancy?
Thou seem'st to mock the power of fate,
And well might'st teach the lesson to be great.

Perhaps this vaulted arch hath rung
Of yore with laughter's loudest shout,
While Beauty round her glances flung
To cheer some monarch's wassail rout:
But mirth and beauty long have fled
From this lone "city of the dead!"

Where busy thousands oft have trod
Beneath thy mouldering marble brow,
Wild moss-grown fragments press the sod—
Around thee all is silence now!
And thus the breath of foul Decay,
Shall melt at last thy form away!

Thou desolate, deserted Pile!
Lone vestige of departed glory,
Sadly in ruin thou seem'st to smile,
While baffled Time flies frowning o'er thee,
As if resolved the tale to tell
Where Carthage stood and how it fell!

Mid ruin'd walls thou stand'st alone;
Around thee strewn, may yet be seen
The broken column, sculptur'd stone,
And relics sad of what hath been—
But thou alone surviv'st the fall,
Defying Time, the leveller of all!

The author owns in his preface that "he is not indifferent to the fate of his literary bantling," and observes that its success might induce him to send another adventurer into the world of letters. He certainly deserves encouragement, but it would be well enough to hint that some improvement will be expected in his second production. We doubt not that he has a mind endowed by nature with not only the talent but also the *sensibility* which a good poet should possess, yet no little study and application are necessary to render perfect what nature has bestowed. We would also observe that something of a more elaborate nature than fugitive poetry is necessary to the building up of lasting literary reputation.

Art. 1.—National Tales, vol. II. New York: by A. P. Houston, & Co. 1825, 12mo. pp. 264.

We wish that the Editor of these volumes had selected a less magnificent title for his tales. He would not then have exposed his readers to the disappointment

they are doomed to receive, when they discover that the greater number of the articles, not only relate to foreign scenery and manners, but are also the productions of foreigners. With what propriety such tales can be designated by the epithet, 'national,' we are at a loss to divine. In urging this objection to the name, we are not actuated by any motives of hostility to the very laudable design of encouraging our native writers to exert their powers in the agreeable departments of literature. We have been so long, and professedly confined to the cultivation of the useful, that it has almost become a byword among the nations, that we have no genius nor taste for the elegant arts. It is, therefore, especially incumbent on us to free ourselves from the implied reproach; and although we have already proceeded to no ordinary extent in this object, yet, much is still to be done, and every effort to promote it should meet with general and liberal support. That the present attempt is likely to effectuate much, we are not disposed to believe; both on account of the objection already stated to the introduction of foreign articles, and because the prize held forth to labourers is scarcely sufficient to stimulate industry or arouse ambition. Something, however, will undoubtedly be accomplished, and if the Editor meet with proper encouragement, it is not unlikely that he may remove both the obstacles we have mentioned. Our best wishes attend him, and we hope that the suggestions we have now thrown out, will be received as an earnest of our friendly disposition to the success of the work. As a farther evidence of our good will, we shall insert into our columns a favourable specimen of the merits of one of the tales, in the second volume, entitled "The Falls of St. Anthony," from the pen of a young gentleman of New-York. We must observe, however, that the style and expression, in this as well as in the other tales, are frequently very obnoxious to criticism.

The war of waters! from the headlong height,
Cleaves the way-worn precipice.—Byron.

There is perhaps no portion of the human race whose character has been depicted in darker colours than the Aborigines of our country. Many there have been who have assisted in rendering them detestable to their white brethren, while there have been but few who were philanthropic enough to oppose the current of common opinion, and who dared to show to the world that the Indian is not that perfect brute which many suppose him to be, but that he possesses many virtues, and that some of the noblest feelings which inspire the heart of civilized beings, find a home in his breast. It is in him that we see man in his original state; in him alone we find a being whose mind is unaffected by the refinement of society; who has had no other model which he could imitate, and no teacher whose instructions he might follow, except "dame nature." As man is liable to err, as he is the slave of pas-

sion—the Indian, not having been enabled by education to avoid the one, or to control the other, may, when under the dominion of violent impulse, pass those bounds to which civilized man confines himself. He may, when blinded by revenge, murder the innocent; but he has often sufficient magnanimity to spare the life of his enemy. If he never forgives an injury, he never forgets a benefit. There is, in fine, no race of men so violent in their hatred, or so firm in their attachments, as the Indians. In support of this assertion, many traditions might be adduced, but we will only subjoin the following tale, which we heard some years since; it has lost none of its interest through its age:

Nay ' Time itself hath hallowed it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust; nor hath it caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with
which 'twas wrought. BYRON.

Among the inhabitants of a small village which formerly stood on the banks of the Mississippi, near the Falls of St. Anthony, resided a woman by the name of Marguerite. A few months before the period at which our narrative commences, her husband died, leaving her the mother of two children, the oldest of whom was scarcely five years of age. It was with difficulty she procured, by her industry, sufficient food for the support of herself and orphans; and often, when overcome by the toil and heat of the day, she would sit down before her hut, and amuse herself by contemplating the beauties of the surrounding scenery. It was at that season of the year when all nature is arrayed in her most brilliant robes, that Marguerite sat at the door of her rustic habitation, watching the stream of the mighty river, as it rolled along in sullen majesty. At a few hundred yards distance from her, it poured its waters down in one solid mass over the Falls of St. Anthony. In the centre of these is a small island covered with shrubs and trees, which, though for ages exposed to the violence of the current, and often on the point of being carried away by its impetuosity, still remains undisturbed in its primitive form. The scenery around these falls is strikingly romantic. The noble stream of the Mississippi is enclosed on each side by bluffs or highlands, whose tops are covered with "the noble cedar, and the stately pine." It is to these bluffs that the river is indebted for much of its beauty. The eye is never tired of beholding them: at one time they are seen rising to a vast height, forming themselves, as it were, into castles, or battlements, wrought by the hand of nature, and which she seems to have intended that man should endeavour to imitate; at another, sloping gently, and forming rich and luxuriant valleys. The river, as it flows by these, reflects from its glittering surface the various other objects which adorn its banks—hills and valleys covered with the brightest gems of nature—the crowded forests and prairies waving gently with the breeze.

The sun was now merging behind the

bluff; the sky was clear, and the bright orb of day, as it descended, seemed as if it sought to add more lustre to the beauty of the surrounding scene, and painted every object with its brilliant colours;—while the falls appeared like a rolling stream of molten gold, the forest and prairies resembled solid masses of fire. No sound was heard but the roar of the cataract, rendered somewhat less distinct by the distance, and the chattering of the prairie hen. Marguerite sat for a long time in silence, and absorbed in meditation, beholding the bright vision before her, until at length she thought that she perceived the figure of an Indian on one of the distant bluffs. The appearance of these persons was always beheld with terror, and especially at this time, as they were the enemies of the inhabitants of the village. After watching him for a few moments, she was convinced by his movements that his design was hostile, and that he was a spy belonging to a neighbouring nation. She hastened to inform the inhabitants of the discovery, and added, that there was no doubt he was the forerunner of a party who intended to attack the village. Immediately all who were capable of defending the place were in arms. Scarcely had midnight arrived, the period at which it was supposed by the Indians the village would be buried in sleep, when their war-whoop and yellings were heard. The villagers were in a moment collected, and opposed the foe so successfully, that after a short, but severe contest, they were driven back, with the loss of many warriors in killed and wounded.

Marguerite had not been a silent observer of the bloody scene. Immediately after its close, she intended to seek the spot where the battle had raged hottest, and endeavour to preserve the lives of those who might have been only wounded, and who, by timely assistance, might still be preserved. But as she was on the point of closing the door of her hut, she heard near her the groans of some suffering mortal. The sound at once startled her—she paused—again a sigh was audible. "Some ill-fated being lies now in agony at a short distance from me," thought Marguerite; again the groans were heard, and seemed still more piteous. "He is at my very door," she cried, "and must be relieved." As the sound appeared to come from the rear of her hut, she hastened in that direction, and there beheld an Indian bathed in gore. By his dress and mien, it was evident that he was a youthful warrior. He seemed to have arrived at that period of life when youth is beginning to throw off its mild beauties, and the sterner features of manhood are just about to be formed; he possessed a high expansive forehead, indicating nobleness and generosity, an aquiline nose, and a mouth, which, while it disclosed the ferocity of his race, breathed forth mildness and gentleness of soul. A beautiful jet-black skin of the buffalo was thrown around his muscular and elegantly

formed limbs. When he heard the footsteps of Marguerite, he raised himself on his right arm, and passing his left hand across his brow, he looked so steadfastly on the object before him, that it seemed as if he sought to discover her intentions. Marguerite gazed on him for a few moments with astonishment and pity, and then approaching him slowly, she said, "The blow of thine enemy's sword hath laid thee low, and destroyed your strength; stranger, fear no evil from me, for I come to preserve, and not to terminate, your existence." The Indian viewed her for some time with a suspicious glance; then suddenly replied, as he passed his hand across his forehead, which had been laid open by the blow of a sword, "He who made this deadly mark, hath truly taken away my strength, and I am now your prisoner; still I fear nothing from you, for from your eye is reflected the benign ray of pity; yet even if thou would'st, I feel as if you could not save that life which is now so fast fleeting." He was about to proceed, when he fell back, overcome by fatigue and pain. Marguerite raised him again, and shortly he revived. "I thank thee," he continued, "for your kindness; I have not deserved it from thee." "Nay," replied Marguerite, "speak not thus, but raise yourself, and enter my hut." She assisted in raising him on his feet, and permitting him to lean on her arm, they gained the interior of her habitation. Here she placed him in a bed, and having bathed his wounds, and given him a refreshing draught, she retired, and in a few moments the warrior fell into a sound sleep.

"When he awoke, his pain was almost entirely gone, and with a little assistance he was enabled to rise from his bed. In a few days he was so far recovered, that he informed Marguerite it was his determination to leave her immediately, and return to his tribe. She entreated him to remain for a few days longer, until his strength should be better recruited; but Telumah (such was the name of the warrior) was deaf to her entreaties; and as soon as evening approached, he began to prepare for the journey. During the period after he had thought of departing, he appeared wholly overcome with grief; as the moment when he was to set out approached, his agony increased; and as a tear now and then rolled down his manly cheek, a sigh broke forth, and he cast his eyes first towards Marguerite, and then on her children, who now stood beside him. Jacques, the youngest, when he saw the large drops trickling down the cheeks of the Indian, began also to weep; and, as he looked him in the face, said "Telumah! why do you cry?" The Indian was startled by the question; he made no reply, but taking each of the children by the hand, he advanced towards Marguerite, and thus addressed her:—"Farewell, my mother, for thou hast been one to me; farewell! we part, perhaps for ever; but I shall never, while the blood flows through these veins, for-

get thy kindness to me;—you did receive me, thine enemy, into your hut, and thou hast been the means of preserving my life; my gratitude shall never grow cold, but shall be a flame that shall for ever burn, to be extinguished only by death. Farewell! darling children! the offspring of a generous mother;—Telumah loves you as he does your parent; and his constant prayer to Man-to shall be, that he will protect and defend, from every misfortune, the benevolent mother, and her lovely babes." He paused; he was unable to proceed, as his utterance was choked by the fullness of his grateful heart. With his eyes bathed in tears, after having kissed the children, and pressed the hand of Marguerite to his lips, in an instant he was out of sight. Marguerite and her children continued for some time overwhelmed with grief at the departure of the grateful chief.

"Telumah, in a short time, arrived at the wigwams of his fellow warriors. They were convened in council, and deliberating whether it would be better to remain at rest, or again attack the village, and by its destruction, revenge the death of those warriors who had fallen in the late battle. Telumah repaired in haste to the council, and was welcomed by all with joy. At his entrance, Kirnassa, the Grand Sachem, a man who had detested the whites from the first moment they had landed on the banks of the Mississippi, and whose disposition towards them had never changed, was addressing the assembly, in a manner calculated to inflame their minds against the inhabitants of the village. "What!" he cried, "shall our warriors sleep unrevenged! shall their shades walk through our tribe, pointing at us with the finger of scorn! must they lament the degeneracy of their sons? No! fellow warriors, this shall not be: let us imitate their glorious example; let us not fear death; for although he may be clothed in his most frightful forms, he possesses no terrors for the brave: let us depart instantly for the homes of our enemies, and swear never to return until we have sacrificed every white man, to appease the wrath of our fallen chiefs."

"When Kirnassa finished this address, the air resounded with the shouts of all present, except Telumah, who now arose, and in a short, but eloquent harangue, endeavoured to dissuade the tribe from the undertaking proposed by the Grand Sachem. He pointed out to them the difficulties attendant on such an expedition, the superior power of their enemies, and recalled to their recollections the losses they had suffered in their last attack; but he spoke in vain:—the mind of his hearers had been so prejudiced by the speech of Kirnassa, that it was almost impossible to make them listen to the voice of reason. After a few moments spent in deliberation, it was determined by the assembly that they should, on the following night, again attack the village.

Accordingly, the Indians set out for the village at the time fixed, and arrived with-

in a mile of it, a short while before midnight. Here they halted, in order to settle their plan of attack. Telumah, at this time, and during the whole of the march, was silent and thoughtful; he appeared as if he anticipated some dreadful calamity; but when it was resolved by his fellow warriors, after they halted, to set fire to the village, he was distracted, on account of the danger which threatened those who were so dear to his heart.—"And must, then, Marguerite and her children perish in the flames? Shall she and her offspring be massacred, while I, who owe my life to them, am so near at hand? No! I will rescue them. As soon as the village is fired, I will hasten to their hut, and endeavour to save those who saved my life. Should I be laid low by the sword of the enemy, before I can reach her habitation, I shall fall in a glorious cause: I shall perish while seeking to repay the noblest of all debts—the debt of gratitude."

"It was thus Telumah meditated, when his thoughts were disturbed by hearing the orders of the Grand Sachem again to advance. The approach to the village was cautious, and in perfect silence. Before any of the villagers were aware of it, one of the huts was in flames, and the Indians engaged in the work of death. In a few moments, the inhabitants were in arms; but as the attack had been so sudden and well planned, it was impossible to resist it. Every quarter was now a scene of murder and desolation, and resounded with the cries of hundreds. The child was torn from the mother's arms, and slain before her eyes; and when, in distraction, she endeavoured to rescue her offspring from the grasp of the savage, the tomahawk of the monster laid her weltering in her blood, by the side of her child. The wife was sacrificed as she clung in agony to her dying husband—and the son, as he knelt and dropped a filial tear over the body of murdered parents.

Telumah saves his preserver, but is taken by his countrymen, and condemned with Marguerite to suffer death.

"Night again arrived. Guards were placed before the huts where the prisoners were confined, and in a few hours the Indians were buried in sleep. Telumah could not rest, but continued walking to and fro, endeavouring to form some plan for his escape. At length he resolved on making an effort to burst the door of his hut, and rescue Marguerite.—He approached, and was about to apply all his strength to the door, when on giving it a slight push, it flew open, the Indians having neglected to bolt it before they retired to rest. Telumah left the hut slowly, and cautiously, and to his great joy beheld the guards (who had been overcome by the fatigue of the march) in a profound sleep. He passed them in silence, and entered the hut where Marguerite was confined—she was pale and almost lifeless, stretched on the ground with a child on each side. Telumah, greatly agitated, threw himself at her feet. When she beheld him, tears began to flow, while

Telumah said, "Why weeps my mother? Do not yield thus to misfortune, for hope softly whispers in my ear, that we may yet escape. Come then! Fly instantly with me; death stares us in the face, and why should we thus loiter?" Marguerite, who had for the whole time appeared lifeless, now with difficulty raised herself, and thus addressed Telumah:—"Grateful Telumah! the moment has come when we must part for ever; I feel the hand of death upon me; but before I go, I have one request to make. If you are not destroyed ere to-morrow's sun shall set, I beseech you to protect my children—let them find in you a father. If you should escape, hasten to my brother, who resides at the village on this side of the falls, and leave them with him. This is my last request"—"Which Telumah promises to obey," exclaimed the chief. Marguerite, taking the children in her arms, thus continued: "Farewell, my children! Let me take my parting look, for it is the last time I shall ever behold you. Darling babes—let me receive one parting token of affection—let me kiss those lips. Now, Telumah, these children are thine; and whenever you shall behold them, remember the dying request of Marguerite. Farewell!" She placed the children in the arms of Telumah, and fell backwards a lifeless corpse.

The noble warrior burst into tears, and after weeping for some time over the body of Marguerite, he was about to depart with the children, when Jacques exclaimed, with that enchanting innocence peculiar to childhood, "Stop, Telumah! is't mother coming? or is she sleeping?" "Yes, my child," he replied, "she sleeps; therefore speak not, lest you disturb her." The child was silent. Telumah cast one mournful look towards the body of Marguerite, and in an instant darted out of the hut, intending, as he knew where the canoes of the Indians were lying, to seek the shore of the Mississippi, and descend to the home of the children's uncle. He passed through the Indians without disturbing them, and silently, and quickly advanced towards the river. As he proceeded, a storm appeared to be coming on. Suddenly the yellings of the Indians met his ear. He knew at once, by the sound, that his escape had been discovered, and that he was pursued. He redoubled his speed, but burthened with the children, his pace was not so rapid as it might have been. As, however, he had considerably the start of his pursuers, he was in hopes that he should gain the bank of the river before them. The sound now became more and more audible, and in horrid concert with the thunder, which "rolled in the celestial vaults above." Telumah pursued his way, determined, if he should be overtaken, to defend himself and the children, while a spark of life remained.

The storm raged with the utmost fury—the thunder roared—the rain descended in torrents—and the lightning shone with sublime grandeur, illuminating "the dark-

ness of the scenery." Telumah now began to fear he had lost the path leading to the river, and while he was seeking to regain it, the yellings of the savages were heard at a short distance. Conceiving it now impossible to escape, he turned in the direction from which the sound appeared to come, when a flash of lightning disclosed to his view an Indian approaching with great rapidity. On perceiving him, Telumah at once resolved to remain where he was, and endeavour to destroy him; but when he gazed on the children which he now held in his arms, and thought on the last request of their mother, he again advanced. Despair added wings to his flight, and in a few moments he heard the murmuring of the stream. Hope now inspired him; but while he was rejoicing at his good fortune, an arrow suddenly whistled by him. From this he knew he was discovered, and that his pursuers were at hand. Still he advanced; the Mississippi was soon visible, and with one bound he was on its shore. The storm was at its height; the river rolled with tremendous velocity, and the falls roared "with horrid minstrelsy." Telumah was afraid to trust himself and the children to the fury of the elements; but his fears vanished when he was startled by the cry of "Tis he;—'tis the traitor." It was the voice of Kinnassa. On hearing it, Telumah ran towards one of the canoes, in which he placed the children, and was on the point of launching it, when his pursuer sprung on the bank, and seizing Telumah by the buffalo skin, which hung from his shoulders, drew him forcibly backwards. "Traitor!" he exclaimed, "thou art not yet free;" and raising his tomahawk with a revengeful aspect, he continued, "you, Telumah, and those whom you protect, shall never escape from my hands." "Never, do you say," replied Telumah, "they shall still live;" and rushing on Kinnassa, before he was aware of an attack, he with one blow of his tomahawk laid him lifeless on the shore.

Telumah now launched the canoe into the water, and sprung on board.—He had scarcely left the shore when it was crowded with his pursuers. On perceiving him, they were inflamed with rage, and with one voice exclaimed, "the traitor must not be allowed to escape;" then launching their canoes, they pursued him down the stream.

At the moment Telumah and his pursuers had left the shore, their minds were so fixed, the one on his escape, and the others on the pursuit, that neither of them thought of the falls and rapids, at a short distance below. It was not long, however, until both were made sensible of their danger, by the roaring of the waters. Telumah, when once aware of this, resolved on endeavouring to discover the eddy running to the island, in the centre of the falls. This was his last resource, and as he was well acquainted with this part of the river, he was almost certain, if he reached the island, that he would be

seen by the villagers on this side of the falls, and still be preserved. While he was thus meditating, his canoe began to descend the river with the velocity of lightning. Telumah's heart beat with joy; he knew, by the force with which his bark was hurried along, that he was in the eddy leading to the wished-for spot. Perceiving his pursuers among the rapids, which were hurrying them onwards, and observing them making powerful efforts to gain the shore, he cried out to them, "Your struggles are in vain, destruction is now inevitable; in a few moments you will reach the falls." The agony of the Indians, already extremely great, was now augmented by the words of Telumah, which not only apprised them of his safety, but of their own awful fate.

The storm had now abated, and the moon shone forth with all her brilliancy, disclosing to the view of the miserable Indians, Telumah approaching the island, and themselves within a few yards of the awful precipice. It was then that they sent forth the cry of despair—that every soul burned with rage. They made a last and desperate struggle to reach the island, but in vain. In a few moments they were dashed down the falls.

Next morning, Telumah was discovered on the island by the inhabitants of the village who, with difficulty, rescued him from his perilous situation. Having poured forth his thanks to his preservers, and ascertained that it was the spot where the uncle of the children resided, he immediately hastened to him; and as he placed the orphans in his arms, he raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "Marguerite, your last request is obeyed!"

What a slavery must he be under, who is a slave to fortune. Exert yourself, and proclaim liberty, to which no other road leads, but a bold neglect of the goods of fortune. If you shake off idle fears, assert independency, and encourage cheerfulness, serenity, and openness of heart, your happiness is built upon a rock; the winds blow, tempests roar, but behold it remains unshaken.

CANZONET.

Do you call that a kiss, my love, that you have given?

Oh no, 'tis sweet nectar you've stolen from heaven!—

Do you call that a sigh that now floats on your lip? 'Tis the breath of bright violets the wild bee might sip!—

Do you call that a smile that illumines your eye? Oh, no, 'tis the morn beam just streaking the sky! Do you call that a blush that strolls over your cheek?

Oh, no, 'tis the rosebud just burst from its sleep! That smile casts love's arrows swift-winged to my heart,

That blush, Oh, it mantles abashed at the dart,—That kiss which in pity you gave to my pain, Pours sweets on that sigh but to strengthen the flame!

LANTHIS.

MISCELLANY.

MILTON.

It is by his Poetry that Milton is best known; and it is of his poetry that we wish first to speak. By the general suffrage of the civilized world, his place has been assigned among the greatest masters of the art. His detractors, however, though outvoted, have not been silenced. There are many critics, and some of great name, who contrive in the same breath to extol the poems and to decry the poet. The works, they acknowledge, considered in themselves, may be classed among the noblest productions of the human mind. But they will not allow the author to rank with those great men who, born in the infancy of civilization, supplied, by their own powers, the want of instruction, and, though destitute of models themselves, bequeathed to posterity models which defy imitation. Milton, it is said, inherited what his predecessors created; he lived in an enlightened age; he received a finished education; and we must therefore, if we would form a just estimate of his powers, make large deductions for these advantages.

We venture to say, on the contrary, paradoxical as the remark may appear, that no poet has ever had to struggle with more unfavourable circumstances than Milton. He doubted, as he has himself owned, whether he had not been born 'an age too late.' For this notion Johnson has thought fit to make him the butt of his clumsy ridicule. The poet, we believe, understood the nature of his art better than the critic. He knew that his poetical genius derived no advantage from the civilization which surrounded him, or from the learning which he had acquired; and he looked back with something like regret to the ruder age of simple words and vivid impressions.

We think that, as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. Therefore, though we admire those great works of imagination which have appeared in dark ages, we do not admire them the more because they have appeared in dark ages. On the contrary, we hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age. We cannot understand why those who believe in that most orthodox article of literary faith, that the earliest poets are generally the best, should wonder at the rule as if it were the exception. Surely the uniformity of the phenomenon indicates a corresponding uniformity in the cause.

The fact is, that common observers reason from the progress of the experimental sciences to that of the imitative arts. The improvement of the former is gradual and slow. Ages are spent in collecting materials, ages more in separating and combining them. Even when a system has been formed, there is still something to add, to alter, or to reject. Every generation enjoys the use of a vast heard

bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits it, augmented, by fresh acquisitions, to future ages. In these pursuits, therefore, the first speculators lie under great disadvantages, and, even when they fail, are entitled to praise. Their pupils, with far inferior intellectual powers, speedily surpass them in actual attainments. Every girl who has read Mrs. Marcet's little Dialogues on Political Economy, could teach Montague or Walpole many lessons in finance. Any intelligent man may now, by resolutely applying himself for a few years to mathematics, learn more than the great Newton knew after half a century of study and meditation.

But it is not thus with music, with painting, or with sculpture. Still less is it thus with poetry. The progress of refinement rarely supplies these arts with better objects of imitation. It may indeed improve the instruments which are necessary to the mechanical operations of the musician, the sculptor, and the painter. But language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state. Nations, like individuals, first perceive, and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical, that of a half-civilized people is poetical.

This change in the language of men is partly the cause and partly the effect of a corresponding change in the nature of their intellectual operations, a change by which science gains and poetry loses. Generalization is necessary to the advancement of knowledge, but particularly in the creations of the imagination. In proportion as men know more and think more, they look less at individuals and more at classes. They therefore make better theories and worse poems. They give us vague phrases instead of men. They may be better able to analyze human nature than their predecessors. But analysis is not the business of the poet. His office is to portray, not to dissect. He may believe in a moral sense, like Shaftesbury. He may refer all human actions to self-interest, like Helvetius, or he may never think about the matter at all. His creed on such subjects will no more influence his poetry, properly so called, than the notions which a painter may have conceived respecting the lacrymal glands, or the circulation of the blood will affect the tears of his Niobe, or the blushes of his Aurora. If Shakespeare had written a book on the motives of human actions, it is by no means certain that it would have been a good one. It is extremely improbable that it would have contained half so much able reasoning on the subject as is to be found in the Fable of the Bees. But could Mandeville have created an Iago? Well as he knew how to resolve characters into their elements, would he have been able to combine those elements in such a manner as to make up a man—a real, living, individual man?

Perhaps no person can be a poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind, if any thing which gives so much pleasure ought to be called unsoundness. By poetry we mean, not of course all writing in verse, nor even all good writing in verse. Our definition excludes many metrical compositions which, on other grounds, deserve the highest praise. By poetry we mean, the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination, the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colours. Thus the greatest of poets has described it, in lines universally admired for the vigour and felicity of their diction, and still more valuable on account of the just notion which they convey of the art in which he excelled.

'As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.'

These are the fruits of the 'fine frenzy' which he ascribes to the poet—a fine frenzy doubtless, but still a frenzy. Truth indeed, is essential to poetry; but it is the truth of madness. The reasonings are just; but the premises are false. After the first suppositions have been made, every thing ought to be consistent; but those first suppositions require a degree of credulity which almost amounts to a partial and temporary derangement of the intellect. Hence, of all people children are the most imaginative. They abandon themselves without reserve to every illusion. Every image which is strongly presented to their mental eye produces on them the effect of reality. No man, whatever his sensibility may be, is ever affected by Hamlet or Lear, as a little girl is affected by the story of poor Red Riding-hood. She knows that it is all false, that wolves cannot speak, that there are no wolves in England. Yet in spite of her knowledge she believes; she weeps, she trembles; she dares not go into a dark room lest she should feel the teeth of the monster at her throat. Such is the despotism of the imagination over uncultivated minds.

In a rude state of society men are children with a greater variety of ideas. It is therefore in such a state of society that we may expect to find the poetical temperament in its highest perfection. In an enlightened age there will be much intelligence, much science, much philosophy, abundance of just classification and subtle analysis, abundance of wit and eloquence, abundance of verses, and even of good ones—but little poetry. Men will judge and compare; but they will not create. They will talk about the old poets, and comment on them, and to a certain degree enjoy them. But they will scarcely be able to conceive the effect which poetry produced on their ruder ancestors, the agony, the ecstasy, the plenitude of belief. The Greek Rhapsodists, according to Plato, could not recite Homer without almost falling into convulsions.* The Mo-

* See the Dialogue between Socrates and Icarus.

hawk hardly feels the scalping knife while he shouts his death song. The power which the ancient bards of Wales and Germany exercised over their auditors seems to modern readers almost miraculous.—Such feelings are very rare in a civilized community, and most rare among those who participate most in its improvements. They linger longest among the peasantry.

Poetry produces an illusion on the eye of the mind, as a magic lantern produces an illusion on the eye of the body. And, as the magic lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age. As the light of knowledge breaks in upon its exhibitions, as the outlines of certainty become more and more definite, and the shades of probability more and more distinct, the hues and lineaments of the phantoms which it calls up grow fainter and fainter. We cannot unite the incompatible advantage of reality and deception, the clear discernment of truth and the exquisite enjoyment of fiction.

He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child. He must take to pieces the whole web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has perhaps constituted hitherto his chief title to superiority. His very talents will be a hindrance to him. His difficulties will be proportioned to his proficiency in the pursuits which are fashionable among his contemporaries; and that proficiency will in general be proportioned to the vigour and activity of his mind. And it is well if, after all his sacrifices and exertions, his works do not resemble a lisping man, or a modern ruin. We have seen in our own time great talents, intense labour, and long meditation, employed in the struggle against the spirit of the age, and employed, we will not say absolutely in vain, but with dubious success and feeble applause.

If these reasonings be just, no poet has ever triumphed over greater difficulties than Milton. He received a learned education. He was a profound and elegant classical scholar: he had studied all the mysteries of Rabbinical literature: he was intimately acquainted with every language of modern Europe from which either pleasure or information was then to be derived. He was perhaps the only great poet of later times who has been distinguished by the excellence of his Latin verse. The genius of Petrarch was scarcely of the first order; and his poems in the ancient language, though much praised by those who have never read them, are wretched compositions. Cowley, with all his admirable wit and ingenuity, had little imagination nor indeed do we think his classical diction comparable to that of Milton. The authority of Johnson is against us on this point. But Johnson had studied the bad writers of the middle ages till he had become utterly insensible to the Augustan elegance, and was as ill

qualified to judge between two Latin styles as a habitual drunkard to set up for a wine-taster.

Versification in a dead language is an exotic, a far-fetched, costly, sickly imitation of that which elsewhere may be found in healthful and spontaneous perfection. The soils on which this rarity flourishes are in general as ill suited to the production of vigorous native poetry as the flower-pots of a hot-house to the growth of oaks. That the author of the *Paradise Lost* should have written the *Epistle to Manso* was truly wonderful. Never before were such marked originality, and such exquisite mimicry found together. Indeed, in all the Latin poems of Milton the artificial manner indispensable to such works is admirably preserved, while, at the same time, the richness of his fancy and the elevation of his sentiments give to them a peculiar charm, an air of nobleness and freedom, which distinguishes them from all other writings of the same class. They remind us of the amusements of those angelic warriors who composed the cohort of Gabriel:

'About him exercised heroic games
'The unarmed youth of heaven. But o'er their heads
'Celestial armoury, shield, helm, and spear,
'Hung bright with diamonds flaming, and with gold.'

We cannot look upon the sportive exercises for which the genius of Milton ungirds itself, without catching a glimpse of the gorgeous and terrible panoply which it is accustomed to wear. The strength of his imagination triumphed over every obstacle. So intense and ardent was the fire of his mind, that it not only was not suffocated beneath the weight of its fuel, but penetrated the whole superincumbent mass with its own heat and radiance.

It is not our intention to attempt any thing like a complete examination of the poetry of Milton. The public has long been agreed as to the merit of the most remarkable passages, the incomparable harmony of the numbers, and the excellence of that style which no rival has been able to equal, and no parodist to degrade, which displays in their highest perfection the idiomatic powers of the English tongue, to which every ancient and every modern language has contributed something of grace, of energy, or of music. In the vast field of criticism on which we are entering, innumerable reapers have already put their sickles. Yet the harvest is so abundant that the negligent search of a straggling gleaner may be rewarded with a sheaf.

The most striking characteristic of the poetry of Milton, is the extreme remoteness of the associations by means of which it acts on the reader. Its effect is produced, not so much by what it expresses, as by what it suggests, not so much by the ideas which it directly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them. He electrifies the mind through conductors. The most unimaginative

man must understand the *Iliad*. Homer gives him no choice, and requires from him no exertion; but takes the whole upon himself, and sets his images in so clear a light, that it is impossible to be blind to them. The works of Milton cannot be comprehended or enjoyed, unless the mind of the reader co-operate with that of the writer. He does not paint a finished picture or play for a mere passive listener. He sketches, and leaves others to fill up the outline. He strikes the key-note, and expects his hearer to make out the melody.

We often hear of the magical influence of poetry. The expression in general means nothing, but, applied to the writings of Milton, it is most appropriate. His poetry acts like an incantation. Its merit lies less in its obvious meaning than in its occult power. There would seem, at first sight, to be no more in his words than in other words. But they are words of enchantment. No sooner are they pronounced, than the past is present, and the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence, and all the burial places of the memory give up their dead. Change the structure of the sentence; substitute one synonyme for another, and the whole effect is destroyed. The spell loses its power; and he who should then hope to conjure with it, would find himself as much mistaken as Cassim in the Arabian tale, when he stood crying 'Open Wheat,' 'Open Barley,' to the door which obeyed no sound but 'Open Sesame!' The miserable failure of Dryden in his attempt to rewrite some parts of the *Paradise Lost* is a remarkable instance of this.

In support of these observations, we may remark, that scarcely any passages in the poems of Milton are more generally known, or more frequently repeated, than those which are little more than muster-rolls of names. They are not always more appropriate or more melodious than other names. But they are charmed names. Every one of them is the first link in a long chain of associated ideas. Like the dwelling place of our infancy revisited in manhood, like the song of our country heard in a strange land, they produce upon us an effect wholly independent of their intrinsic value. One transports us back to a remote period of history. Another places us among the moral scenery and manners of a distant country. A third evokes all the dear classical recollections of childhood, the school-room, the dog-eared Virgil, the holiday, and the prize. A fourth brings before us the splendid phantoms of chivalrous romance, the trophied lists, the embroidered housings, the quaint devices, the haunted forests, the enchanted gardens, the achievements of enamoured knights, and the smiles of rescued princesses.

In none of the works of Milton is his peculiar manner more happily displayed than in the *Allegro* and the *Penseroso*. It is impossible to conceive that the me-

chanism of language can be brought to a more exquisite degree of perfection. These poems differ from others as otto of roses differs from ordinary rose water, the the close packed essence from the thin diluted mixture. They are, indeed, not so much poems, as collections of hints, from each of which the reader is to make out a poem for himself. Every epithet is a text for a canto.

WASHITA, AL.

The following sketch of Washita and its inhabitants, furnished by a person who for some years resided in that country, is, we are informed, applicable only to the part of that stream which lies within the state of Louisiana. We could have wished the account, so far as it is connected with geology, agriculture, and zoology, to have been more particular; but the writer appears to consider those subjects unimportant, except in their immediate effects on the moral and physical character of his favourite subject, man; whom he portrays with a confidence and vigour that will serve to amuse if not to instruct.

Between the parallels of latitudes 31 and 33 degrees north, the vale of the Mississippi is bounded on the east by the high lands of that river, and on the west by the pine-hills on the right bank of the Washita, presenting an area of about 130 miles in length and 60 in breadth. Nearly the whole of the tract is alluvium; and, during the months of May and June, is inundated, except a strip along the banks of the streams from a quarter to a mile and a half in breadth, and a few other places. The soil is inferior to none on the continent, and is adapted to the growth of indigo, cotton, and esculent roots and plants. Its population is, however, extremely small. The cause of this, with regard to the Mississippi, is attributable to that stream's often overflowing its banks in the season of high water; but with respect to the Washita, arises from the uncertainty of holding locations, owing to enormous land claims (founded upon conditions that have not been executed) which the United States as yet have neither admitted nor rejected. The consequence is, that on the latter stream, to which my remarks shall be confined, you may frequently travel, from ten to twenty miles, over the richest soil, without seeing a house; and one third of the inhabitants are, in knowledge, industry, food, apparel, and appearance, very little superior to the aborigines. Such a condition of society needs illustration; and, in order to give it, a reference to former times is necessary.

Louisiana, for some time after its settlement, contained but few women of European extraction. The French, who of all the people in Christendom, are, perhaps, the least scrupulous in their amours, supplied the defect by contract-

ing alliances with Indian females. Hence sprung a mixed race, speaking a jargon of French and Indian, and, excepting the cultivation of a small unenclosed lot of maize, deriving their subsistence from the chase. From time to time, they were increased by Canadians, Acadians, and Gipsies from Europe; and the extinction of the Natchez Indians giving to the colony a wide extent of country, abounding with bear, bison, &c. especially west of the Mississippi, they spread themselves along the banks of Red River and of Washita, savages in all except name, audacity, and a ready obedience to the colonial authorities. Little or no alteration took place in their condition until the country passed into the hands of the Spanish government; when the enterprize and daring spirit of the Anglo Americans, living west of the Alleghany mountains, led that jealous power to apprehend the occupation of the Mississippi by the republic, and a consequent interruption of intercourse betwixt Upper and Lower Louisiana. To mitigate an evil that could not be avoided, a water communication between Washita and Arkansas, &c. was imagined, a work of defence, Fort Miro, (where the town of Monroe now stands,) erected, and afterwards garrisoned. In the event of losing the Upper Province, it was further intended to provide the lower one with flour to be grown and manufactured on the Washita; and, as it was known that the Creoles (the term used by the Americans for the indolent, ignorant mixture of French, Gipsies and Indians above mentioned) could not be easily brought to the state of agriculturists, emigrants from the United States were to be obtained, and a preference to be given to the Irish and Dutch, as being least inimical to the government. To complete the undertaking, one Mason Rouge and a baron de Bastroup received enormous grants of land, upon the condition of settling a certain number of families, and constructing water-mills. It is almost needless to state, that they failed in their contract: for they had neither the intelligence nor the means to furnish one tenth of the families stipulated, and were so stupid as to lay their grants on bodies of flat land without a single fall of twelve inches of water in the whole extent, to say nothing of the soil being unsuitable for the production of wheat or rye, oats or barley. The few emigrants who ventured, secured, it is true, their locations by virtue of the colonial laws, and not through the large grants; which, by the non-fulfilment of the stipulations, became virtually null. And yet it is these very grants which keep the country measurably in a state of nature, and on which congress, with a tardiness as unmanly as it is impolitic, has hitherto hesitated to decide. But to return to the Creoles. After the erection of Fort Miro, Filhiol, the commander, used

his influence to retain them in the neighbourhood of that place. He was prompted by two considerations. A strolling band of Choctaws, allured to the country by the quantity of game, and despising the unwarlike disposition of the inhabitants, took what they fancied without leave, and paid him as much deference as he did to the meanest chasseur in his commandery. With the Americans, Dutch and Irish, he was equally unfortunate. Accustomed to manage their own private concerns, they could not brook the indignity of begging for a permit to purchase a horse or to sell a cow. The little Fleming seemed determined to maintain his prerogative. He mustered his Creoles to enforce it; was encountered by the malcontents; put to flight without firing a gun; confined in his house, and about to be precipitated in it into the Washita:—but was spared, by intelligence luckily arriving at the very instant of his being superceded in office, that a Spanish commandant with troops was on his way from New-Orleans. The Spaniard, a man of judgment, consulted the interest of his government, by conciliating the good will of the emigrants; and succeeded so far, that, if a rupture between Spain and the United States had happened, it is believed most of them would have taken up arms under him against the republic. The irresolution of the Creoles caused him not only to neglect, but to treat them with reserve: and this circumstance, together with the scorn which the emigrants let no occasion pass without evincing towards them, depressed their spirits to the lowest ebb, and produced an irreconcilable breach between the males of the two people. In the meantime the Anglo American hunters, having gotten a footing in the upper grounds of the Washita, were, together with the Choctaws, making dreadful havoc among the bison, deer, &c. The forest no longer yielding its former abundance, the Creoles were constrained to devote more time to agriculture. Naturally slothful, however, and disdaining to imitate a people whom they abhorred, their exertions were limited by their necessities. The transfer of the province to the United States has, as yet, improved their condition but little. Men of more cunning than humanity have taken advantage of their ignorance to wrest their lands from them: so that many of the poor wretches, formerly possessing hundreds of acres, have now not a foot of land that they can call their own. They never forget and they never forgive. Looking upon the Americans as unprincipled, haughty, turbulent intruders, whom to hate is an act of religion, they generally live detached in small societies by themselves, raising from one to three acres of maize to a family, depending on the streams and woods for animal food, and with their

peltry purchasing a supply of coarse clothing, salt, and sugar. Scorched by the summer-sun, and chilled by the wintry blast, they are a dull, meagre, weakly people, often rendered doubly miserable by catarrhs, phthisis, fevers, and starvation. From this state of degradation, I am apprehensive, they never will, as a distinct people, emerge: for of that pride and emulation which raise men, individually and collectively, to eminence, they are entirely destitute; and as they stubbornly oppose the education of their children, *"lest they should be roguish like the Americans,"* there is no prospect of a revolution in their sentiments. Indeed, it is a melancholy fact, that though men often become savage in a few years, a long life is seldom sufficient to civilize a savage. The reason is obvious. It being easier to forget than to acquire complex ideas, a relapse to wildness requires no exertion either of body or of mind; but, to surmount barbarism, both are indispensable: and what adds to the irksomeness of the undertaking, the object, to a disposition indolent and careless, like the savage's, appears to be trifling and contemptible, unnecessary and unnatural. Hence it has usually been found less difficult to exterminate rude nations than to refine them. Happily however for the creole, he is secured by the letter and spirit of our laws from the alternative of either adopting habits foreign to his feeling, or experiencing the calamitous fate of most barbarians; and yet his existence, as a distinct race, cannot, at the farthest, extend, from the present time, beyond three generations. The Creole women, who, while young, may, excepting their oblique eyes and swarthy skin, be called handsome, are partial to the Americans, whose wives, they know, are seldom exposed to hunger, cold, the drudgery of the field, and the tormenting reprehensions of a jealous husband,—the common lot of the Creoles. They make faithful, dutiful and affectionate consorts: so that, when possessing either land or beauty, they are sure of attaining the summit of their wishes, an American husband; and as the practice has hitherto escaped censure, many strolling whites are, from convenience or caprice, content to take them without stipulating, in the dower, either for personal charms or real estate. The issue are considered American, and view the maternal side with sovereign contempt. In short, as no Creole girl affiances herself to a Creole while she has a probability of uniting with an American, and as the chances in her favour increase daily, the Creole race, by such means, must be speedily merged in the Anglo American, and a set of people become extinct, too inoffensive to merit harshness, and too indolent and pusillanimous to attract admiration or awaken sympathy.

The American population is a medley

of persons from every state in the Union. Unlettered, needy, and strangers to each other, distrust, at an early period, became a concomitant of their intercourse; and the conduct of sharpers, subsequently entering the country, has banished even the semblance of confidence, and suppressed or disguised other qualities that not only give a charm to society, but without which it cannot be agreeable. The autumnal diseases also, which prevail on the recession of the waters, as well as those that arise from the sudden changes of the weather in winter, so relax the body and impair the mind, that the cheerfulness and gayety which denote the pleasure of healthy existence, are utter strangers. Instead of resorting to temperance, proper clothing, and comfortable houses, as restoratives, Bacchus, in the shape of a whisky-bottle, is invoked; and it will be readily imagined, that the god is propitious neither to body nor to mind, to private wealth nor to public order. Hence litigation, in the courts criminal and civil, prevails to a degree, considering the number of inhabitants, unknown in any other part of the southern states; and affluence, though many circumstances tend to its production, is the lot of few. Indeed, between quack, and pettifoggers, hucksters and tapsters, nine-tenths of the people find themselves scarcely able to balance their accounts at the end of the year. A few have acquired wealth; and men strictly honest, naturally humane and habitually active, are not uncommon; but that distrust, which generally obtains, presents all classes in an unfavourable light to the contemplative. There is an awkward insipid formality too, and a paucity of knowledge, predominant amongst the wealthiest, which render a residence here irksome to an intelligent person, and intolerable to the men of fashion. But knowledge, in a few years, will be less rare. The people lament their own ignorance, and are striving to give their children the rudiments of an English education, while some have despatched their youngsters to seminaries in the western states to acquire an intimacy with the classics. Religion, however, is in disrepute; and, were it not for the perseverance of that traduced but highly useful body, the Methodist Association, Sunday and other Christian observances would be as little respected as in Japan.

In many respects the women are superior to the men. Less intemperate, they are more healthy; and therefore the faculty of thinking is in greater vigour. Their secluded abodes give them opportunities for reflection; and the lethargy, sickness, and dissipation of the other sex, have devolved so much of the direction of affairs upon them, that their minds have attained an energy and activity, really surprising in females illiterate in most cases; and, though a little more softness of disposition and complacency

of manner would render them more amiable in the eyes of a stranger, yet an impartial observer is compelled to admit, that, with less promptitude and decision, they would lose their utility, and society become insupportable. Their houses, food, raiment, and manner of life, together with the climate, are detrimental to beauty. Gross persons in tawdry dresses, and pale round faces expressing rather too much ill nature and fierceness, predominate; and a current vulgarity of diction tends in no way to remove the prejudice, on a certain score, awakened at first sight against them;—yet suspicion is unjust. The consciousness of mental transcendancy has taught them to estimate themselves properly, and placed them, with regard to chastity, on a parity with any women under heaven. To look in them however for an exemption from all the follies of the men, would be expecting too much. To distrust and superstition they are too commonly addicted; and a man of sense is often at a loss whether to pity or deride, on hearing them conversing gravely about ghosts, sorcery, philters and omens. Still these very foibles serve, by contrast, to render their excellencies conspicuous; and the candid mind is obliged to confess, that their industry, fidelity, maternal affection and strength of intellect, considered under existing circumstances, entitle them to the esteem and good wishes of every friend to virtue.

The future condition of Washita is a problem of easy solution. The soil, produce, and advantages of navigation, insure it not only a numerous but also a wealthy population; and consequently a polished and an intelligent one. But the myriads of gnats and moschetoes which load the vernal breeze, the impurity of the water, the miasmata arising from the joint action of heat and moisture on the animal and vegetable deposits of the inundation, as well as the sudden transitions from heat to cold and from cold to heat, must continue to be so many sources of disease, and perpetuate catarrhs, pleurisies, consumptions, dysenteries, and fevers, intermittent, remittent and continued, and keep the people strangers to that hilarity of spirit and playfulness of imagination which form no small portion of the pleasure of existence in a healthy country.

A MODERN PHILOSOPHER'S ADVICE ON WEDLOCK.

O! fickle creature, why delay
The execution of thy plan?
Dost think that father Time will stay
His car, to favour recreant man?
'Tis idling—folly, in th' extreme,
To wish or think it so can be;
For while bright reason sheds a beam
Of light, take her whom first you see.
The storm now gathering will unfold
Its dreary prospect to your eye,
By which, the frowns of fate, unroll'd,
May bid you only wish—and die! G.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

ADVENTURES OF A POET.—CHAP. V.

The reflection that I was now left alone, without a friend to whom I might impart my feelings, or one single object which could elicit my solicitude, cast an unusual gloom over my thoughts. My daily occupations became more and more insipid, as my mind deviated from that application which can alone impart interest to the duties of a scholar. I was indeed very unhappy. The constant companion of my solitary hours was Cowper. Poor fellow, his keen sensibility gave him many an uneasy hour, and the mild spirit of his poetry was all the balm I could find to my sorrowing spirit. Then as I retraced the steps which I had been used to tread in joy, my heart sunk at the recollection of my hopelessness, and the hot tear alone relieved the agony of my bosom.

My health began soon to feel the effects of my depression of spirits, and I wrote to my father desiring permission to return home, stating the utter uselessness of my remaining longer at the academy, the bent of my disposition being no ways inclined to academical pursuits; in return I received an answer contrary to my hopes, and desiring to hear no more requests of the kind; my father was determined on making me, as he termed it, "a useful member of society," yet my heart told me that this could never be, as long as my services were to be wrung from my reluctant feelings.

Together with my father's letter, I received my quarterly remittance of pocket money. I had no sooner read it than I determined on quitting the school, and throwing myself and fortune upon the care of fate; I packed up my little wardrobe and secretly left the place in which I had passed the happiest, as well as the most miserable days of my boyhood.

Behold me cast alone upon the world, with no hand to guide me through the numerous shoals and quicksands which beset every voyager on this troubled sea. My first emotion on finding myself free from restraint, was that of extravagant joy. I now thought myself a man, and revelled in the extacy of happiness; but soon was I made aware of my inconsiderateness, too soon was I made to feel that once departed from the path of rectitude, there is no labyrinth from which it is more difficult to escape than that of vice. I was not long in determining what course I should pursue; my stock of money was but small, consequently, whatever I did, was to be done speedily; I entertained a great idea of my talents as a poet, and determined to proceed immediately to the city, and enter upon a profession in which I hoped to acquire fame, as well as subsistence.

I accordingly placed my little valise snugly in the cabin of the sloop which was to transport me to the harbour of my newly indulged hopes. Steam boats were not then in such universal use as at present,

and although scarcely an hundred miles from the city, we were no less than three days in reaching it; the wind was still, the air mild and luxurious as in the bright summer day, our boat made but lazy progress, her high sail hung lagging on the mast, unmindful of the exertions of the helmsman, to make it catch what little breeze was stirring; she floated leisurely on the tide, unheeding the wishes of my heart, that she would mend her pace, and bear me to my wished-for haven. At length the city broke upon my longing view in all its beauty; it was evening, the sun was just sinking under the blue hills of Jersey, and all was buried in the deep shade of twilight, but the tall steeples of Trinity and St. Pauls, on whose gilded balls and vanes the last beams of the sun yet lingered, as if sorrowing to depart from the gay scene beneath them. My heart bounded at the prospect before me, the numerous vessels laying at the quays, and stretching their tall masts like forests up the extended length of piers, as far as the eye could reach, was to me a sight at once novel and interesting. I now felt perfectly happy. Surely, said I to myself, here must be the land of the blessed, here will merit meet its desert, here will the extended hand welcome the stranger, and here will riches and fame crown the exertions of mind. I had just concluded this reverie when the boat was attached to the wharf, every one was bustling, the passengers had each his friend with whom he could interchange the glad congratulation of a safe return, or a cordial meeting. Friend meeting friend, after a long absence, joined in the glad embrace; all had something to tell,

"Wherein they spoke of most disastrous chances—
"Of moving accidents."

Some told of joys and the success of their hopes, and none but had something to gladden his arrival. Then the desolation into which I had cast myself, first broke upon me; I stood alone on the deck of the vessel, not knowing whither to direct myself. I thought that the city, which had but a few moments before appeared in perspective like a little paradise, was a vast desert, in which all the different ranks of our species were congregated, unknowing and unknown, unless where particular interest chanced to call them together. At length I was aroused by the captain telling me it was quite dark, and it was time to seek refreshment. I told him I was a stranger and knew not where to go; this surprised him exceedingly; he could not conceive that I should have come to a place in which I had no friend, nor determined object, in which indeed I was an utter stranger.

I went with him to his lodgings. Alas! how lonely did my head rest on its pillow: the thoughts of the home I had left, of the friends on whom my absence would inflict pain, of all the dear scenes in which my youthful fancy had loved to luxuriate, rushed upon my troubled memory, and

banished sleep. I tossed about restlessly during the night, and in the morn arose unrefreshed, to meet with new dilemmas.

At first the novelty of every thing I saw served to excite my spirits. The vast multiplicity of houses, the length and variety of the streets, the splendid and elegant articles exposed for sale, were all so many objects of curiosity to me, and I gradually began to feel myself more at ease; even here, I thought, I can be happy; for when wealth shall have crowned my labours, who would not be glad to extend his hand to me. Full of hope, I entered one of the fashionable book-stores, with the intention of introducing myself to the owner, and offering him one of my productions for publication. I cannot say that I was very warmly received. After passing a few words with the bookseller, I gravely made him a proposal respecting the sale of a poem which I had already written, and which had been pronounced by my country teacher, to whom I had shown it, a work of much beauty. He at first eyed me from head to foot, as if incredulous of my errand: he then asked to see the work, upon which, after it had been examined, he would give me an answer. R.

HOOKEY WALKER—NO. V.

After a day of uninterrupted confinement to business I took my cane from its accustomed nook, and sallied out for a walk. The short December twilight was fast settling into night when I passed that place of bustle and confusion. Chatham Square, and traversed the Bowery with hasty steps, as I bent my way to the house of our old friend in the outskirts of the city, whom I had not seen for some time. The rumbling of wheels gradually died away upon my ear, and by the time I had reached his house I had almost entirely escaped from the noise of the city. The wind blew fresh from the northwest, and was whistling through the leafless branches of the poplars that surrounded the house, as I knocked at the door and was admitted without delay. The family was not at home, but expected in momentarily. I walked into the parlour, and took quiet possession. Every thing within breathed an air of comfort and enjoyment. The bright fire of hickory that burned merrily on the hearth, shedding a broad glare of light on all around as the blaze went eddying up the chimney. The warm and genial atmosphere of the room, doubly enhanced in value by the surly whistling of the wind without, that tried in vain to find a crevice for entrance through the carefully closed shutters—The bright carpeted floor—the sofa with its pillows wooing to luxurious indolence—the highly polished sideboard, with its accompaniment of glasses neatly arranged, and its decanters of rich fluids that sparkled in the red light—the mirrors—"the pictured walls"—all told intelligibly that the comforts of life were duly appreciated. I took a seat by the piano, and turned

idly over the leaves of the music book, looking at my favourite tunes, and humming them to myself.

There is nothing carries the mind back to the recollection of other days like music. How many eras of my short life are connected by association with particular tunes; they come as mementos of the past; they come to fix me once more amid the scenes of my early years, where all was life and enjoyment; where the stars of evening were never dim, and the light of morning was ever cloudless. I am again surrounded by the company of former friends; I hear the voices of those who are now scattered far and wide in distant lands; I again see the gay and smiling countenances and unclouded by disappointment, now pale from disease, or dimmed by the tears of adversity; I again clasp the hands of those who were once dear to me as the heart's-blood of my own existence, now passed away from earth, and barred for ever in the prison-house of death.—Rap—rap rap—went the knocker with a noise that at once broke the train of my solitary musing, and started the cat, who, outstretched upon the rug before the fire, was enjoying its warming influence, and purring away with great self-complacency.

My friend, with his wife and daughter, now entered the room. The already ample fire was replenished; the sofa wheeled round—and I took my seat in the social circle from which I had long been absent. The old gentleman took his accustomed chair in the corner, unfolded the evening paper, dried it carefully by the fire, adjusted his spectacles, and commenced scanning its contents, but Mr. Coleman had apparently furnished but little matter of interest for him, for after having glanced cursorily over it for a few minutes, he muttered, indistinctly, something about Protection and Lombard—threw it down upon the table with evident symptoms of vexation, and walked to the sideboard. "Come," said he, nodding to me and filling up a bumper, "take a glass of wine, and then let's have a game of backgammon." I accepted the invitation at the sideboard, and then sat down to backgammon. Our skill in playing was nearly equal—but now every die went wrong—my throws were all bad; he could not refrain from chuckling to himself, as he gained hit after hit until he finally gammoned me, when he shut the box in elated spirits, and declared he would play no longer with one who could so easily be conquered. With such a run of bad luck the game was beginning to get tiresome to me, and I was not very sorry to leave it. His daughter Louisa, after a little raillery for permitting her father to beat me so easily, consented to exchange the sofa for her seat at the piano, and soon dissipated all chagrin for my loss at backgammon. To a voice naturally good, she combines great taste in execution, and

without having ever enjoyed advantages of instruction equal to most of her associates, sings and plays with more sweetness and judgment than we commonly hear in the private circles of society. She played over my favourite tunes, chatting in the interim of each song with ease and familiarity. Passionately fond of music, it was no wonder that time flew past unnoticed and unremembered—

"For who with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
Which dazzle as they pass."

The hand of the clock on the mantelpiece was travelling on close to eleven, and I had a long walk yet to reach home; so after having received the kind invitation of the family not to make myself such a stranger in future, I left the house.—Good night—the door was closed—and I was again alone in the street. The night was clear and frosty, and the stars were peering like bright eyes from heaven upon the cold earth. What a poor, miserable, isolated creature an unmarried man is, thinks I to myself, as I trod the solitary walk. We are stigmatised by many as dissipated, frequenters of the theatres and public places, and averse to matrimony, because this would prevent us from spending so much of our time in those places—but this is a mistake—it is an effect and not a cause. Unmarried men seek places of public amusement because they have no domestic tie to bind them to home. Dissipated as the population of our city is, I believe there are, comparatively speaking, but few men who would not prefer a married to a single life, if their circumstances would justify it. As it is, in the present state of things, a single man, who is fond of female society, is in no enviable condition; he may get a glimpse of it now and then, by squeezing into a fashionable party, but he is in reality as much shut out from visiting the private family circle where there are ladies, as if he were an inhabitant of the Arabian desert. If he is introduced to a lady, and calls to see her but a single time, the tittle-tattle at once commences; he is instantly reported as being very attentive; one tea-table coterie echoes the report from the other—*crescit eundo*—and before the parties are scarcely acquainted with each other they are engaged, if not already married. Under such circumstances, what can a man do? Some relaxation is necessary after the business of the day; if he stops at a public house to look over the papers, he is at once a tavern haunter; if he dares to visit a lady more than twice in a twelve-month, he is in danger of being prosecuted for a breach of marriage promise. O tempora! O mores!

REFLECTIONS.

How uncertain are the calculations of man; and how different and changeable the events of human existence. Man may to-day smile amid the sunshine of contentment, and proudly own every sublu-

nary joy his. He may be courted by enthusiastic admirers—surrounded by professing friends—desiring nothing—having every thing—but how soon may such a scene change! How oft is such bliss in an instant transferred to bitter anguish! basking in the lap of cheerfulness, we dare not call our happiness secure—for how soon may an awful tempest lower, and blight the dearest hopes our hearts had cherished!

It is wise and charitable to hope and trust for a better condition than the unfortunate possess—but it is, nevertheless, indispensable that we should not repine at our misfortunes; but we ought rather to be grateful for the bounties received and enjoyed—knowing that an all-just and all-wise Creator wills our destinies. Whatever the condition of man on earth, 'tis meet he should endure the various privations he has to encounter with becoming fortitude and resignation. Our sensibilities are liable to be excited by a variety of events—our sympathies are called forth for the unhappy—the tear of sorrow is dear to the heart of the good man—for he who is capable of pitying the misfortunes of others, is himself good.

Life is a scene of perpetual wo and discord! Ere we extricate ourselves from one difficulty, stern fate involves us in another. At one moment we are exalted to the very summit of bliss—around us smile the verdant fields, and the general sunshine of joy lulls us in the balmy, yet delusive sleep of pleasure—from which we awake only to witness a wretched struggle in the rough sea of misery!

Man may degenerate from the exalted state in which fortune places him, to a mere nothingness—he may be hurled from a summit of bliss to an abyss of wo. He may to-day bask in the lap of pleasure, cheered by the genial sunshine of contentment. All things around him may smile—the luxuriant fields be covered with blooming flowers—but to-morrow casts a mist over all;—the sable clouds of midnight darken the scene, and portend an awful tempest—the lovely flowers wither and droop beneath it—hope forsakes the bosom, and dread misery ensues!

Who is there that has not mourned the early demise of some dear, some valued friend? Is there a being so inexorable, so callous to human pity, as will dare to say, he has braved every pang that care would produce? How often have we beheld a fond parent, anxiously looking forward to a beloved infant as his future solace—when the irrevocable mandate of fate tears him from his bosom, and thus destroys every hope. So with the various speculations of man—The enterprising individual may to-day embark his little capital, with the hopes of realizing a profit—perhaps his all is placed at the mercy of the winds and waves—when an adverse fortune meets him, thus blights his hopes, and presents to his lips the dregs of poverty's cup—he dashes from them its bitterness—but care gnaws his heart!

CHARLESTON COURIER.

THE ATHENÆUM.

TACTUS SOLI NATALIS AMORE.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS.—There are few minds in which the season of festivity now approaching is not indelibly associated with the most vivid and delightful reminiscences of early life. They have been, with equal truth and beauty, described as "blending the rainbow visions of youth and unalloyed hope, with those religious feelings and innocent recreations, which give to the close of the year so hallowed, and, at the same time, so exhilarating an aspect." The good old rural games and holiday observances, the merry dance and the jovial tale, the smiling evergreens decorating church and parlour, and the ponderous yule-clog in the blazing hearth, diffusing warmth, and sunshine, and cheerfulness, the plum-pudding, the minced pye, and the spiced bowl; the liberal gifts to the children, and the kind interchanges of sympathies and good fellowship among the grown people, all these impart to this auspicious period a charm and a spell on which the fancy loves to dwell, and to which the heart will cling with indissoluble attachment, in after-years of pain and care, and worldliness. Modern refinement has, indeed, exploded many of the good old customs appertaining to Christmas festivals, and it is to be feared discarded, with the gorgeous dress and heavy armour of antiquity, much of its hearty and free hospitality. There are not wanting those, however, who still pay due deference to the established rites of traditionary customs, and to all a retrospective view of the times of yore, when the return of Christmas was the signal for a general abandonment to conviviality and joy, cannot prove otherwise than fraught with delightful influences.

Christmas Eve is thus described by an English poet:

"On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel darned her kirtle sheen;
The Hall was dressed with Holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather up the Mistletoe,
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all."

And, by another, thus:

"Thy welcome eve, loved Christmas, now arrived,

The churches' bells their tuneful peals resound,
And mirth and gladness every heart pervade
The ponderous Ashen faggot, from the yard,
The jolly farmer to his crowded hall
Conveys with speed: where, on the rising flames,
Already fed with store of massy brands,
It blazes soon; nine bandages it bears,
And, as they each di-join, so custom wills,
A mighty jug of sparkling cyder's brought
With brandy mixt, to elevate the guests."

The influence of this cheering festival is not confined to mankind living. The dead spirits and animals are subjected to its power

"Some say that ever, 'gainst that hallowed season,

At which our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawning croweth all night long,
The nights are wholesome, then no mildew falls,
No Planet strikes, nor Spirits walk abroad;
No Fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm:
So gracious and so hallowed is the time."

If we recur to times more ancient than those referred to, we shall find that the entertainments were far more substantial than we have any conception of now. Witness the festivals of King Arthur:

"The Great King Arthur made a sumptuous feast,
And held his Royal Christmas at Carlisle,
And thither came the vassals, most and least,
From every corner of the British Isle;
And all were entertained, both man and beast,
According to their rank, in proper style;
The steeds were fed and littered at the stable,
The ladies and the knights sat down to table.

* * * * *

They served up salmon, venison and wild boars,
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.

Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,

Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;
Herons and bitterns, peacock, swan and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and, in fine,
Plum pudding, pancakes, apple pies and custard:
And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead, and ale, and cider of our own,' &c

Who that compares this list of dainties with the thimble-full of wine, and the delicate slice of cake, to which a fashionable call entitles a visitor now-a-days, but must groan in spirit and lament over the degeneracy of the times!

We shall close these desultory remarks with the following account of the Ass's Festival, held in France, for many centuries, on Christmas day; and for the account of which, published in 1807, we are indebted to M. Millin, a member of the French Institute. The author of the impious and extravagant mummery was Pierre Corbeil, Archbishop of Sens, who died in 1222.

"On this festival of folly a Bishop, or even a Pope, was elected for the occasion; the priests were besmeared with the lees of wine, and they were marked or disguised in the most extravagant and ridiculous manner. On the eve of the day appointed to celebrate this festival, before the beginning of vespers, the clergy went in procession to the door of the cathedral, where were two choristers singing. Two canons were now deputed to fetch the Ass, and to conduct him to the table, which was the place where the great Chanter sat, to read the order of the ceremonies, and the names of those who were to take any part in them. The moodish animal was clad with precious priestly ornaments, and, in this array, was solemnly conducted to the middle of the choir, during which procession, a hymn was sung in a major key, the first stanza of which is as follows:

*Orientibus partibus
Adventavit asinus
Pulcher et fortissimus
Sarcinis aptissimus
Hez! Sire Ave, hez!*

After this, the office began by an anthem, sung purposely in the most discordant manner possible; the office itself lasted the whole of the night, and part of the next day; it was a rhapsody of whatever was sung in the course of the year, at the appropriated festivals, forming the strangest medley ever conceived. As it was natural to sup-

pose that the choristers and the congregation should feel thirst in so long a performance, wine was distributed in no sparing manner. The signal for that part of the ceremony was, an anthem commencing, *Conductus ad poculum*.

The first evening, after vespers, the Grand Choristers headed the jolly band in the streets, preceded by an enormous lantern. A vast theatre was prepared for their reception before the church, where they performed not the most decent interludes; the singing and dancing were concluded by throwing a pail of cold water on the head of the Grand Chorister. They then returned to church to begin the morning office, where several received, on their naked bodies, a number of pails of cold water. The Ass was constantly supplied with drink and provender, and in the middle of the service, he was conducted into the nave of the church, and the people danced around him, and strove to imitate his braying."

This festival was not suppressed till towards the end of the sixteenth century.

ITALIAN OPERA.—We have intentionally refrained from entering into any particular details respecting the performances at the Opera, not because we are either indifferent or inattentive to the subject, but for other reasons which we shall briefly state. Our object is to write not for the few, but for the many: By the few, we mean those who are adepts in music, who can analyse an overture, and trace distinctly every note in a chorus of twenty voices, and who are moreover familiar with all the graces and melodious influences of the Italian. These stand in need of no instruction from us—they frequent the opera and their *gout* wants no spur to prick it on. The many, on the other hand, can only be supposed to take a general interest in these performances; the pleasure they derive is vague; and to address them in a learned strain about *C major* and *E minor*, *appoggiaturas*, and *motives* and *pezzi concertati*, is sheer affectation and pedantry. It is, indeed, practised by some of our wizards, whose souls are not of ordinary stuff to be lighted up into admiration by the finest display of talent in tragedy, or comedy, or even opera itself, if it comes recommended only in the vulgar garb of their own native language. *Odi profanum vulgus* is their motto. Let the generality be pleased, let minds of common acquirements be capable of appreciating beauty and excellence, and the self-created noble is absent, indifferent, silent. But hark!—The Italians have come—and now stalks forth the learned pundit, the erudite critic; he mounts his spectacles on his nose, seats himself in the midst of the arena, is impatient for the overture, he rubs his fingers with exultation at its commencement, and is ready to die with rapture at its close; he elevates his brow with conscious superiority over those who surround him, and gives a significant nod and smile—then hurries home, and ere he gets himself to bed, he indites a critique, learned and profound, on the *soprano* of the adorable creature, the Garcia, the *contralto* of Signor Garcia; and then overcome with the excess of his overwhelming emotions, he falls—*asleep*. Now all this may be very fine, and with some it may pass current for sterling taste, and criticism, and connoisseurship. We envy it not, and are content to use our efforts in awakening the attention of the citizens generally, in humble but intelligible terms, to the opportunity, now amply afforded them, of cultivating a taste for music, by listen-